

In particular, I congratulate Mr. Robin Mui for his public service. His accomplishments and contributions to the Asian community I represent is immeasurable. Mr. Mui has been instrumental in increasing awareness and dialogue about issues and concerns that impact Asian American communities. Through their leadership, the Moy Family Association has championed numerous community causes and relief efforts for families impacted by tragedy. This includes raising millions of dollars for the American Red Cross during Hurricane Katrina and for the families of slain NYPD Officers Wenjian Liu and Officer Rafael Ramos in 2014.

As a nation, we must embrace the diverse cultures and organizations that have worked to advance the needs of all citizens and have helped to define what it means to be American. I ask my colleagues to join me today in congratulating the Moy's Family Association U.S.A. National Convention on this special occasion. I commend their public service and shared goal of enriching the lives of the constituents of my district. My best wishes for a successful event.

REMARKS BY STEPHEN W. CAMP

HON. JOHN B. LARSON

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 18, 2017

Mr. LARSON of Connecticut. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to include in the RECORD remarks made by the Reverend Stephen W. Camp at the Be the Light Interfaith Candle Lighting Vigil at Congregation Beth Israel in West Hartford, CT on August 23, 2017.

THE REVEREND STEPHEN W. CAMP, M.DIV.,
SENIOR PASTOR, FAITH CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH OF HARTFORD, CT

“The prophetic voice Maya Angelou once said, ‘I’ve learned that people will forget what you have said; people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel.’

America was sent a message recently, a message that America rarely feels as deeply. As America watched the unfolding story centered in the little sleepy college town in Virginia, it was forced to feel, the kind of feeling that one never forgets. It was reminiscent of Selma and "Bloody Sunday." It brought to mind Birmingham with the dog and fire hoses; it reminded America of the open hostility and defiance of a George Wallace. As America watched in recent days, some were stirred by the memory of ancestors and family members being marched into ovens, reminded of some of the worst inhumanity that our world has produced. The genie, we thought, was back in the tightly dosed bottle, the monster was locked away in its cage, but here it was again raring its ugly head, saying, "I'm not dead yet! America felt pain once again.

For some I'm sure, it simply felt like a scab had been ripped off an old wound. Still others may have thought these days were behind us, a past just-as-soon forgotten. But lest we forget, lest we ignore for even a moment—this pain rooted in forced Indian reservations and the buying and selling of human beings, lest we forget, it will surely surface and seek to cause havoc and pain until it is faced and fixed. The events of late teach all of us, as if any had doubt; that America is not healed yet. The work is not done. It seems just yesterday that Jewish

cemeteries were vandalized, or just the other day that terrorist bombed a mosque or burned churches in the south. Were they just isolated incidents? No, but somehow they connected us and called us to feel, to be awake, to be alert—to mobilize for good. And here we are again.

Charlottesville conjured up old feelings. Many who marched in Charlottesville that day, as we watched, most of us glued to the television, as they boldly marched, unhooded this time, khaki wearing white men, with their contorted angry faces, and carrying tiki torches, trying it seemed to desperately symbolize their power, their might, but only succeeding to pull back the scab and memory of historic oppression, failing to offer even a flickering of light, and of peace. We watched with sadness while they shouted hateful words and embodied a most detestable part of the American mosaic, frankly, only making many of us remember and feel the acute sickness that is still a part of America. For those who marched with counter intent, with "never again" etched upon their hearts, with "non-violent direct action" embedded in their spirit, many of them young people who have gotten the lessons that many of us who are older have tried to teach. So many counteracted and confronted, they stood tall and whether we liked it or not, they stood their ground and they gave us hope that one day the pain would give way to promise.

We can take heart, because through them we knew that “we shall indeed, overcome.” But dearly, we have not yet reached that Promised Land. We have not yet fully embraced the place that Dr. King and Rabbi Hershel who marched arm in arm tried to show and to teach us. We haven’t yet felt how Malcom who epitomized both the hope and the worry of the movement for justice, worry that integrity in the movement would be comprised given the times they were in, yet united with a yearning to taste real freedom for all. All of them understood that justice had a cost attached to it. However, we still haven’t learned yet, how to include all the voices, sit with all the pain, open and feel all of the diverse ways we are together, but there is hope shining through, maybe given the Boston event, that we will get there. The beloved community will one day be! Think of the blueprint that was left to us, the light that was given and passed to us, as they each in their own ways, gave their lives to pass on to us, a real hope for a better tomorrow.

What I guess Charlottesville has challenged me to do, is to keep singing songs of justice, keep speaking words of peace. The challenge is to sing a new song in this often strange land, this place where America is still striving to form a more perfect union, this place where free speech should always be celebrated, must always be protected, but never allowed by any to be abused. We are called to sing together the words of peace, the words of hope, sing so as to feel that hope and that peace until it is never forgotten, until it is so deeply felt that no one is left behind without voice or value.

So we come together again, gathered by the many ways God gathers us, we come together to sing even when we may not feel like singing, sing even though the words may not always be dear to us or the language understood by everyone is not plain. We come together to share words of peace, even when it seems the world is bent upon acts of violent expression. We come together knowing that love trumps hate, that without love and hope we perish, so we hope, we believe and work for a better day.

Maya Angelou was right, people will never forget—when it is felt. It is our work, to help each other feel the presence of peace. It's our work to care for one another, to bind up

those who are broken, to repair the world and make the world a just place for all. This is our work to feel, not the hate that some would have us feel, but to offer a binding, sustaining and enduring feeling that builds community and opens hearts to know and feel that another world is possible. It is there, don't you feel it, can't you see it? It is there, just over the horizon. Let's go there together! Thank you.'

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. ROSA L. DeLAURO

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 18, 2017

Ms. DELAURO. Mr. Speaker, I was unavoidably detained and so I missed Roll Call vote number 485 regarding "On Motion to Suspend the Rules" (H.R. 2611). Had I been present, I would have voted "Yes".

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. KYRSTEN SINEMA

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 18, 2017

Ms. SINEMA. Mr. Speaker, I missed the vote on Roll Call vote 516. I would have voted aye on Roll Call number 516.

DESIGNATION OF MAPLE VALLEY, WASHINGTON AS A PURPLE HEART CITY

HON. DAVID G. REICHERT

OF WASHINGTON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 18, 2017

Mr. REICHERT. Mr. Speaker, today I rise to recognize the City of Maple Valley, in light of its designation as a Purple Heart City. The City of Maple Valley will be the first in Washington's Eighth Congressional District to become a Purple Heart, as well as the third city in the State of Washington. Additionally, the designation falls on the anniversary of 9/11, an event that will forever be seen in our hearts as a symbol of strength, hope, and freedom.

The Purple Heart is awarded to wounded members of the armed forces of the United States as a combat decoration for their commitment to our great country. As you visit the City of Maple Valley, you will find a road sign explaining the Purple Heart significance, which reminds all those visiting, of the sacrifice made for a just and free civilization. Furthermore, I would like to also thank the Boy Scout Troop 711 for building the display case for the plaques and other Purple Heart memorabilia, for the public to observe, learn and enjoy.

I thank the City of Maple Valley for its dedication to our armed forces who've risked their lives for ours. The City will not only be known as a beautiful place for wilderness, recreation and to raise a family; but one as an allegiance to our public servants.